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A Fish Story From Sandy Hook.

Eels are cheap on Sandy Hook peninsula just now. On last Wednesday, after a terrific gale, old Johnnie Collins, a clam digger of Navesink Highlands, went down to the beach to see if any crabs had been washed up. As he came to high water mark he observed that the sand was fairly alive with eels. They varied in length from 3 inches to 2 feet and were silver eels.

Scattered among them were young fresh water perch. The perch were dead, but the eels were very much alive. He went back to the village and told what he had found, and the villagers came down to the beach with baskets and boxes and barrels. After they had filled all their receptacles the beach was still covered with eels. They went back and emptied their loads and returned and got more loads, but they didn't succeed in making any noticeable reduction in the number of the eels. A number of men got more than 100 pounds each.

Seabright and other villages on the Sandy Hook peninsula also got a large number of the fish.

People are at a loss to understand how the eels and fish came to be on the beach. Both the perch and the silver eels are fresh water fish and abound in the Shrewsbury river. Never before have they been known to be found on the seabeach.—New York Sun.

Concerning Crinoline.

Concerning crinoline the following extract from the Dundee (Scotland) Advertiser, Jan. 5, 1709, has been unearthed: "Mr. Isaac Bickerstaffe, censor of Great Britain, sitting in the court of judicature, had crinoline brought in and hoisted by a pulley to the roof of the hall, where it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. On inquiring for the person belonging to the petticoat Mr. Bickerstaffe, to his great surprise, was directed to a very pretty young damsel. 'My pretty maid,' he said, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?'

"The young lady who wore this hoop confessed that she did not like it, and that she kept out of it as long as she could and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintances and said she would be very glad to see an example made of it. History does not go on to relate in what manner the hoop was censured, but the young lady, for her modesty and amiability and somewhat for her good looks, received great praise."

African Slave Caravans.

The English cruisers may have checked the slave trade on the eastern coast, but the caravan route from central Africa to the shores of the Mediterranean is still the scene of all the horrors of which Livingstone wrote. Mr. C. H. Allen, secretary of the Antislavery society, last summer reported that a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4,000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco, and of this number 500 to 600 died of thirst in the desert. In another caravan it is stated that out of 800 slaves 600 died, and the survivors were worth little from the privation and hardships of the journey. Mr. Allen says "the desert route this year must have proved more than unusually fatal, but the atrocity of the trade cannot be ignored." Yet there are Englishmen who call for the abandonment of Uganda and the region of Lake Nyanza, the retention of which would give a splendid vantage ground for the ultimate suppression of the slave trade.—London Leisure Hour.

Keeping the Mouths of Oysters Closed.

If the plans of Messrs. Freeman, Hirst and Thurston, three gentlemen from the City of Brotherly Love who are now in Chicago, do not miscarry, the oyster business not only of Chicago, but of the United States, will be revolutionized. By a process invented by Mr. Freeman and controlled by these gentlemen it is possible to ship oysters in the shell to any part of the country with the certainty that upon their arrival at destination they will be as fresh and delicious in flavor as on the day they were shipped. No chemical solutions or embalming preparations are used to secure this result. The only thing aimed at is to prevent the oyster committing suicide, and a little clamp of lead that prevents the bivalve from opening his mouth is the whole secret.—Chicago Journal.

An Eight-hour Day in England.

The 8-hour day, which is the aspiration of organized labor in this country, is to be made the subject of a practical experiment in the great iron works of Salford, near Manchester. The effort is to be made to reconcile the economic objections which have been held to be irreconcilable. That is, the workmen, who have been laboring 53 hours a week, are to endeavor to turn out an equal product by the labor of 48 hours. If by punctuality, energy and increased activity they can show this to be possible, the experiment will be a success, their wages will remain as now, and the 8-hour day will be established.—Boston Commonwealth.

An Old Settler Begins to Travel.

It is hardly in the west one would look for white people unacquainted with railroads and telegraphs, but Parson Quinn, the oldest settler in Garfield county, Washington, who went there 33 years ago, saw a railroad and took a ride on a train two weeks ago for the first time in his life. He has not been out of the state since he entered it in a prairie schooner. Two or three similar cases have been noted in the northwest within the past few months.—Chicago Herald.

There are differences in teeth. Some are of a nature capable of withstanding very rough usage, while others are frail and need constant attention.

The Nuisance of Inartistic Advertising.

We have occasionally regretted the anstrosities of street advertisements. Every vacant wall or boarding which is accessible to the bill sticker blazes with pictures which do not precisely educate the public taste, and are rather a serious addition to the minor evils of life. Well meant efforts have been made to improve these posters. The late Mr. Frederick Walker designed one for "The Woman in White." It was tolerably inoffensive, but far from an addition to the amenity of a blank wall.

Mr. Herkimer, if we are not mistaken, has tried his hand, and a well known picture of a little boy blowing soap bubbles, by Sir John Millais, is sufficiently familiar to the amateur. But the worst of it is that no such repeated airs, from whatever hand, are agreeable, much less the terrible man with the liver pad, compared with whom the lady with improbably long hair is a gem. This is not the end. The fields on each side of the rail-ways grow monstrous advertisements—an offense to the eyes of travelers, and surely no real inducement to purchase the wares of the culprits.

A society has been formed to deal with these horrors and the society protests against "diffidence and despondency." This is plucky at least, and so far deserves respect. It is a monstrous anomaly to spend public money on the improvement of public taste, and then to permit that taste to be debauched by "key signs" advertisements in green fields, posters flaring on every vacant space.—London Saturday Review.

Casting Great Statues.

Stiglmayer, a German goldsmith in the first part of this century, having an ambition to attempt larger works than any he had accomplished, went to Naples in order to see the casting of Canova's statue of Charles III, but was denied the sight of certain secret technical processes. Stiglmayer found them out for himself nevertheless, and as soon as he went home made his first experiment on a statuette of Venus. Many delays occurred, and the excitement increased as the end drew near. By some mistake one of his assistants poured his molten metal into the airhole. Then the casting came to a standstill.

"The crowd of lookers on," writes the poor founder in his diary, "stood first dumb about me and then slipped out one by one and left me with my pain."

In a month a second casting was begun and failed. With unbroken courage he began the third cast, and on Christmas eve the metal was again poured in. It ran into the mold and spurted joyfully out at the air hole.

"Our joy knew no bounds," he declares. "We raised a loud cry of joy and embraced and kissed each other. Pasquale, the helper, kissed the head of Phidias coming out of the broken form and turned his mouth, for it had not had time to cool."—Youth's Companion.

Preparation the Important Factor.

The discovery by Edison of the carbon with which he perfected his electric lamp seems a happy accident, but such accidents never happen to common men. The great inventor scraped some soot from the blackened chimney of his laboratory lamp, and in a spirit of curiosity tested its properties. It proved to be the thing for which he was searching, but behind this fortunate discovery was a series of exhausting and exhaustive experiments with all kinds of likely materials, absorbing the energies of many months. The lucky hit rewarded the persistent will of a patient workman.

So with the young and obscure lawyer who conducts and wins a difficult case, as did Thomas Erskine in his elder's illness, or the struggling surgeon who has a sudden chance of distinction offered to him, he must have had a long and laborious preparatory training before he can profit by such an emergency. In short, a great opportunity is worth to a man precisely what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.—William Matthews in Harper's Young People.

A Town in Pawn.

It may not be generally known that the little seaport town of Wismar, in the Baltic, is virtually in the same position as Montague Tigg's shirt—namely, at the pawnbroker's. It was in 1808 that Sweden pawned the town to the duchy of Mecklenburg for a round sum of money. It was then stipulated that the town should be restored to Sweden at the end of a century, provided the sum lent, together with interest, were paid back to Mecklenburg.

This sum is now said to amount to several hundred million marks, and apparently there is little chance of Wismar being able to pay it at the date fixed. This singular treaty has lain dormant in the archives of the municipality ever since it was made up to the other day, when, apropos of the concession of some land to the custom authorities, it was exhumed for legal purposes.—Million.

What a Little Girl Would Do.

A little girl I know is possessed of a peculiarly pugnacious and rebellious nature. One day, being in a neighbor's yard, she noticed some heavy wool socks hanging on the clothes line and inquired of a lady of the house to whom that unusual footgear belonged. The lady told her that they were the socks furnished by the United States government for the use of soldiers and belonged to her son, who had then just enlisted in the signal service. The child gazed at the uncouth objects with curling lip.

"Does he have to wear them?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered the lady, to keep up the fun, "he is obliged to wear them."

The child's eyes flashed fire.

"I wouldn't wear 'em!" she declared. "I'd sass the government!"

And so she would.—Washington Star.

Trained Fish.

Fish have many times been taught to perform tricks, and it would appear as if they had much more intelligence than is attributed to them. Mr. J. A. Bailey of circus fame once had two brook trout in a small aquarium in his private residence that would jump out of the water and take flies held between the forefinger and thumb and would also ring a little bell when they required food. They would also leap over little bars of wood placed about two inches above the surface of the water.

It is a very simple matter to teach the fish these tricks. At first a little tower containing a tiny, sweet toned silver bell was fastened to the iron work of the aquarium with a piece of string attached to the tongue of the bell extending into the water where the trout were. On the loose end of the string an insect or other tempting morsel was placed, which the fish would at once seize, and pulling the cord the bell in the tower would naturally tinkle. After this had been repeated several days the fish were left without food for some little time until they made the discovery that they could obtain it by pulling at the string to which the delicacies had been attached. This they never failed to do ever afterward when they were hungry and as that was nearly all the time the little bell was constantly tinkling as the fish were continually pulling the cord, and it was quite a pretty and novel sight.—New York Herald.

The Hawaiian Death Prayer.

Upon the minds of such a people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death—a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the essence of the tragical death prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story current that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I, having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death-prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision, and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.—E. Ellsworth Carey in Californian.

A Boston paper recently contained an announcement that certain gentlemen had "filed a remonstrance to the proposed widening of Chestnut Hill avenue with the Brookline selectmen."

When the rising generation gets hard pressed for instances of early fame thrust upon the contemporary young man it always has the governor of Massachusetts to fall back upon.

Bob's Ambition.

"I'm going to be a postman when I grow up," said Bob, who had been chidden by his father for whistling. "Then I can go around ringing front doorbells and whistling all I please."—Harper's Bazar.

The use of drapery in ideal art is as purely for artistic reasons as is its absence and has nothing to do with the propriety of clothing.



The Best Medicine

J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas, thus speaks of Ayer's Pills:

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever tried; and, in my judgment, no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them in my family and recommended them to my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge, many cases of the following complaints have been completely and

Permanently Cured

by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, sick headache, rheumatism, flux, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard colic. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, as the nature of the complaint required, would be found an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."

"I have been selling medicine for eight years, and I can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other Pill I ever sold."—J. J. Perry, Spotsylvania Co., Va.

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Prices to Close Them Out Quickly.

Finest wash Silk Waists, were \$6.50, will close at \$4.00.

At 50c—Box Pleated Waists, in navy and black ground, with white stripes and dots, at 50c.

At 85c—Striped Lawn Waists, with ruffle front full sleeve, were \$1.25, reduced to 85c.

Fine Percale Waists, box pleated back, full ruffle in front with full sleeves, were \$1.50, at \$1.00.

Good quality Cambric Shirt Waists, box pleated front and back, perfect fitting, were \$1.00, at 65c.

Ladies' Corsets.

At 50c—Ladies' perfect fitting Corsets, long waisted, high bust and double steels

lace trimmed, ecru and drab, former price 75c, now reduced to 50c.

Summer Dress Goods.

Best quality French Challies, regular price 95c, reduced to 50c.

Handsome new light ground Challies, good quality; we will close these out at 50c per yard.

25-inch printed Poulards, dark grounds beautiful styles, regular 15c goods, to be closed out at 10c per yard.

Good fast Black Sateen, regular 15c goods, reduced to 10c per yard.

Ladies' Wrappers.

Good Striped Calico Wraps with yoke, were \$1.25, at 90c.

Flannellette Wrappers in medium and dark colors, were \$1.50 at \$1.00.

Fine Pin-Stripe Percale Wrapper, embroidery trimmed, were \$3.00, at \$2.00.

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